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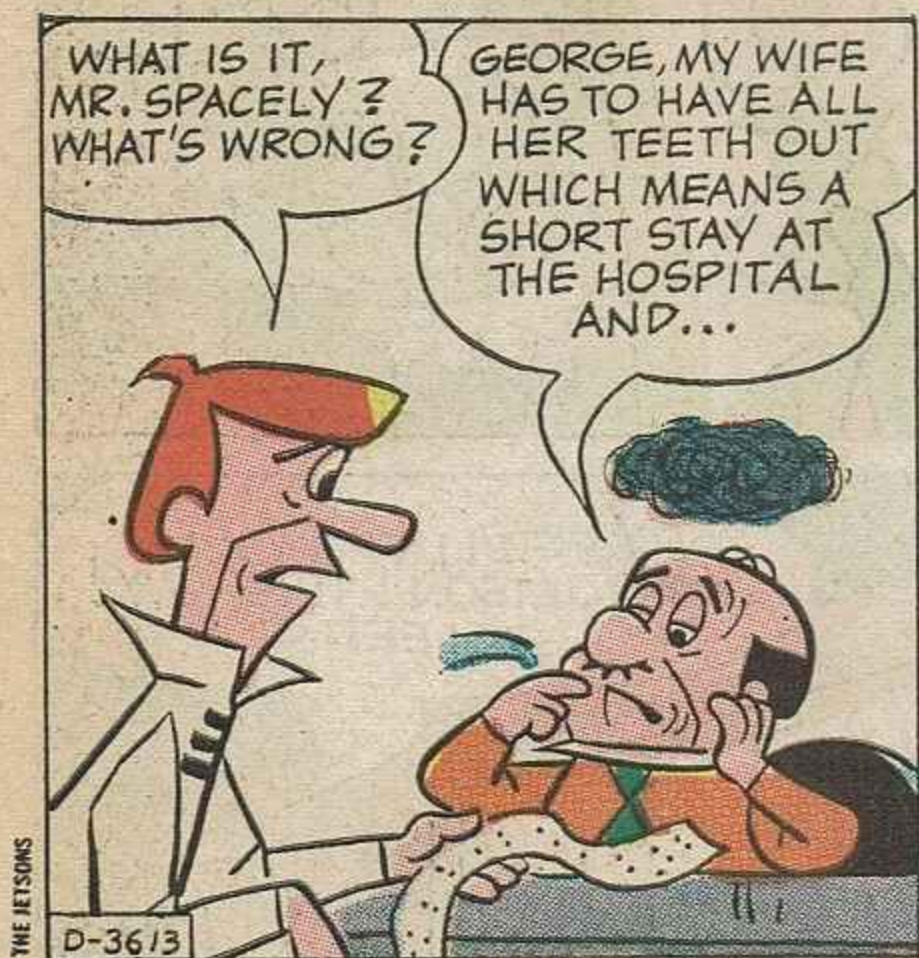
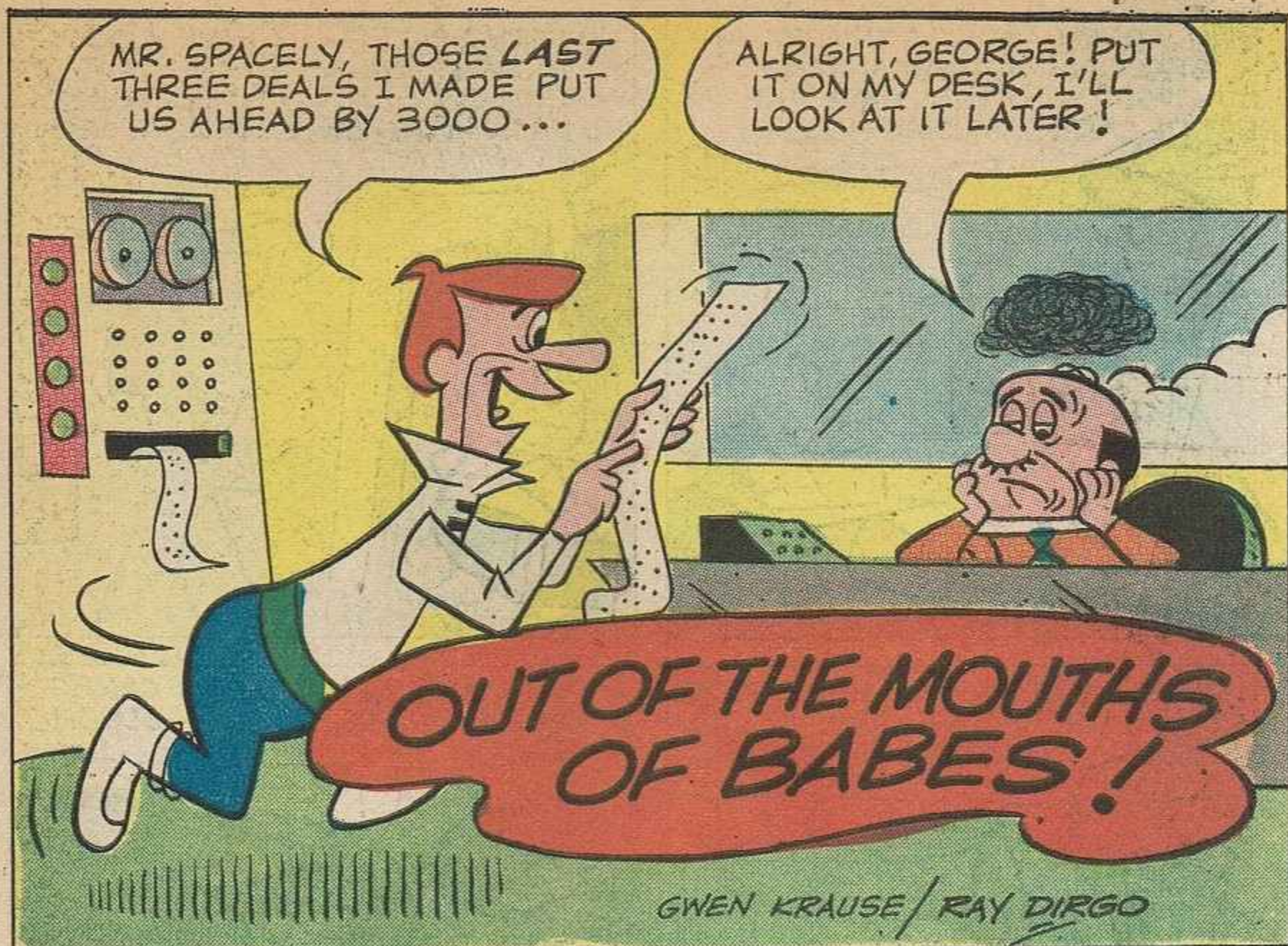
THE Jetsons

THE JETSONS

NO. 15
FEB.
CDC

ONLY
20¢





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DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING, MR. SPACELY! BETWEEN JANE AND ROSEY, SHE WILL HAVE THE BEST OF CARE...AT OUR HOUSE!

THANKS, GEORGE!

I'M VERY GRATEFUL TO YOU AND YOUR WIFE, GEORGE! I'LL BE BACK IN THREE DAYS!

HAVE A GOOD TRIP, MR. SPACELY! WE'LL SEE THAT MRS. SPACELY IS TAKEN CARE OF!

...MRS. SPACELY IS DUE HOME TODAY! ELROY, I WANT YOU AND JUDY TO KEEP THE NOISE DOWN AND, ROSEY, YOU...

DON'T WORRY! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE OL' BIG MOUTH! >GLEEP<

TAKE HER TO THE SECOND ROOM ON THE LEFT!

>GLEEP< I'LL SHOW HIM, MRS. JETSON! THIS WAY! >GLEEP<

TWO DAYS LATER...

...AND I'M HERE TO FIT
MRS. SPACELY FOR
HER DENTURES!

WONDERFUL,
DOCTOR, THIS
WAY PLEASE!



...AND SOMETHING
SEEMS TO BE
BOTHERING HER!

SET TWO MORE
PLACES, ROSEY!
MR. SPACELY WILL
BE HERE ANY
MINUTE!

SOB
SOB



WHAT IS IT,
SWEET?
TELL ME!

..AND THEY LOOK
LIKE **HORSE'S**
TEETH!

SNIFF

SNIFF!



BUT, MRS. SPACELY, THEY
WERE MADE TO FIT
YOUR MOUTH!



THE JETSONS in **NO TIP FOR the WAITER!**

ELROY, TOMORROW IS MOM'S AND DAD'S ANNIVERSARY! LET'S POOL OUR SAVINGS AND BUY THEM A PRESENT!

COOL IDEA!
I'LL GET MY PIGGY BANK!

GWEN KRAUSE
RAY DIRGO

GOLLY! I MUST HAVE
SNITCHED MORE THAN
THE LIMIT FOR ICE
CREAM!

CRACK

WILL WE
HAVE ENOUGH,
JUDY?

I BELEIVE SO,
ELROY, MY BABY-
SITTING EARNINGS
WILL JUST MAKE IT!

D-3615

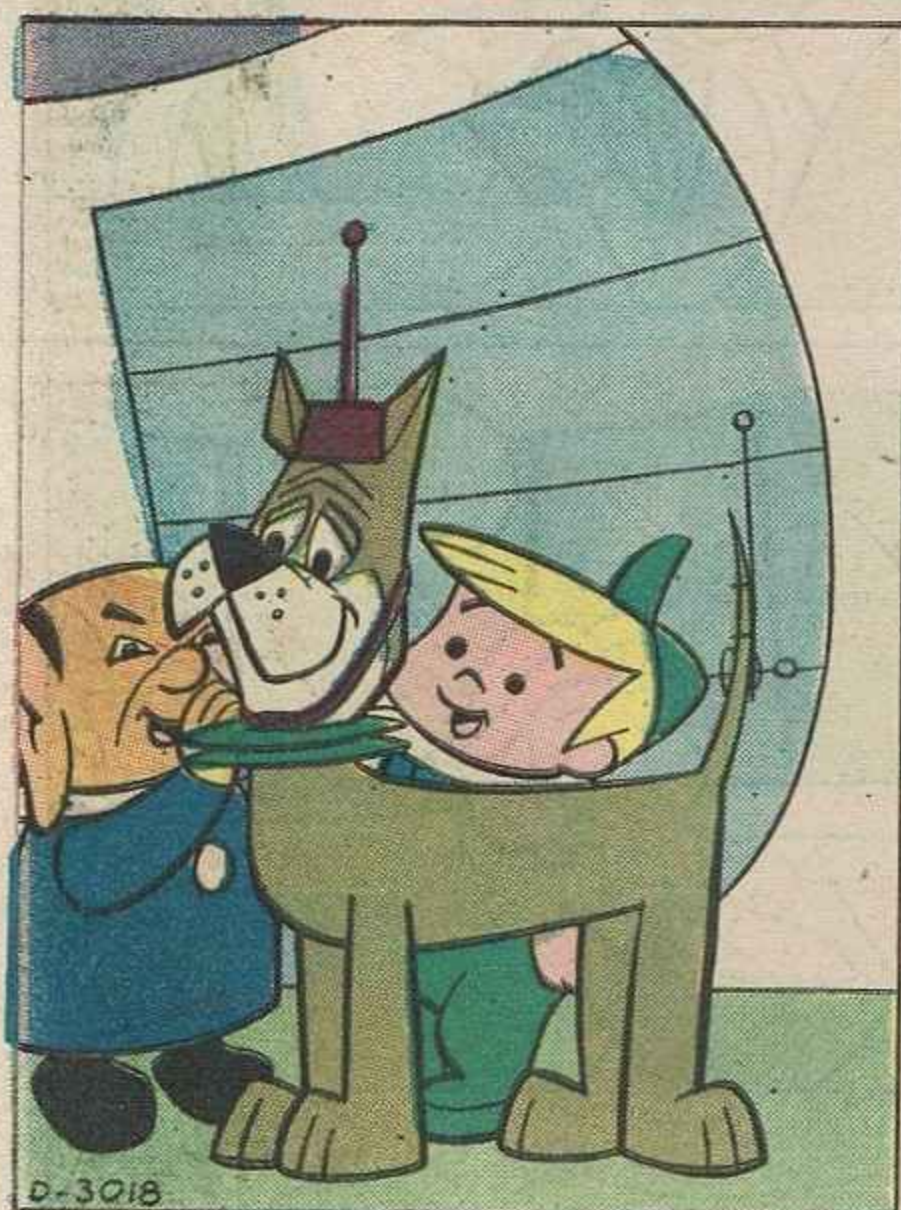
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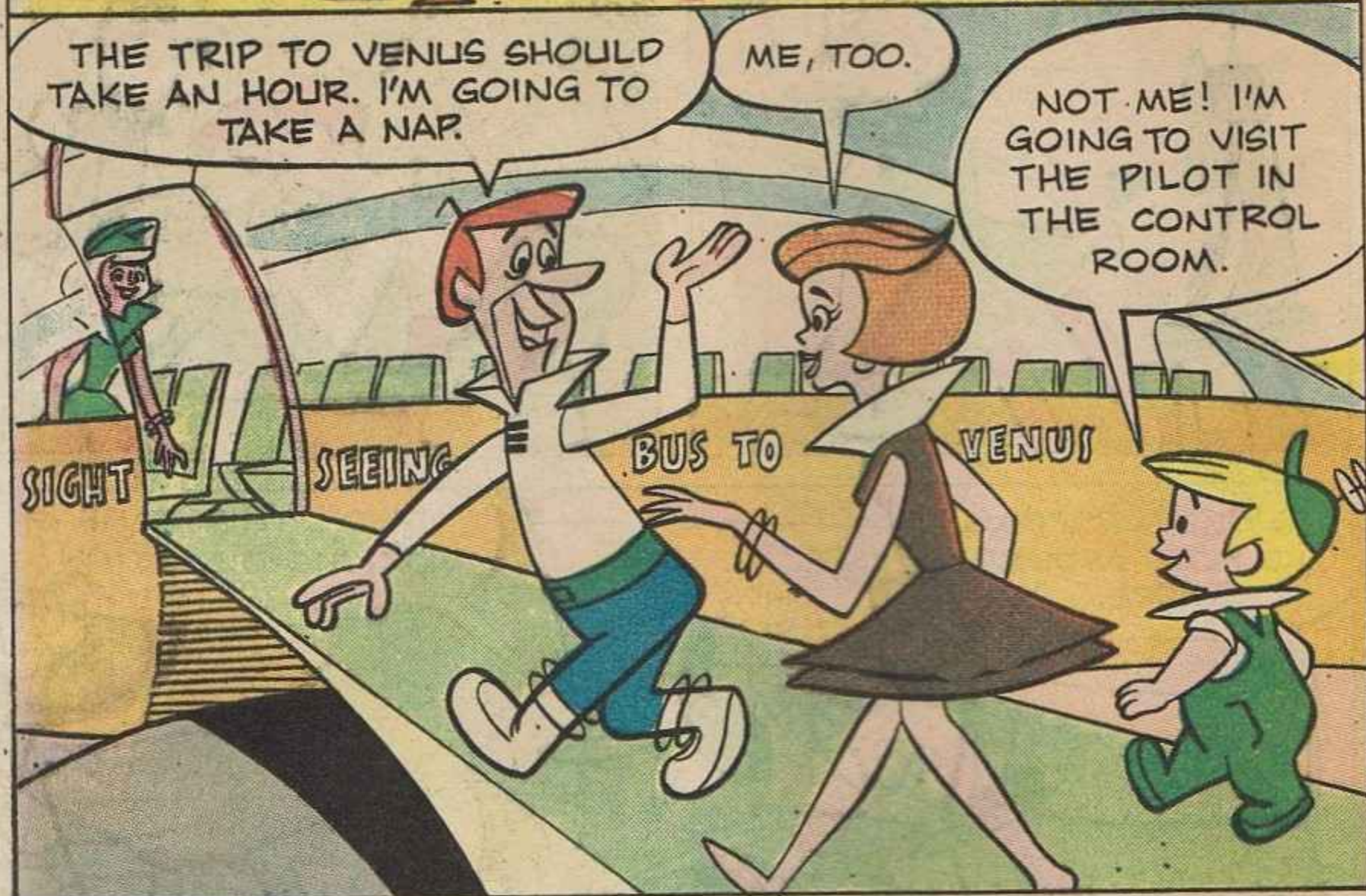


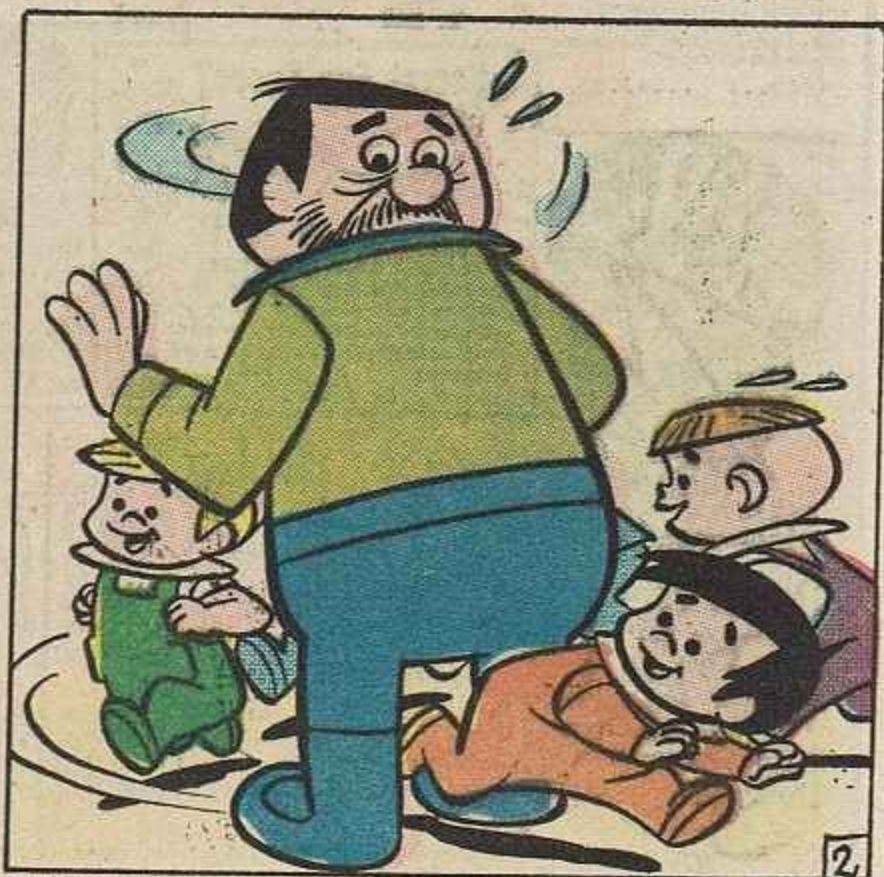
The JETSONS "TALKING DOG"



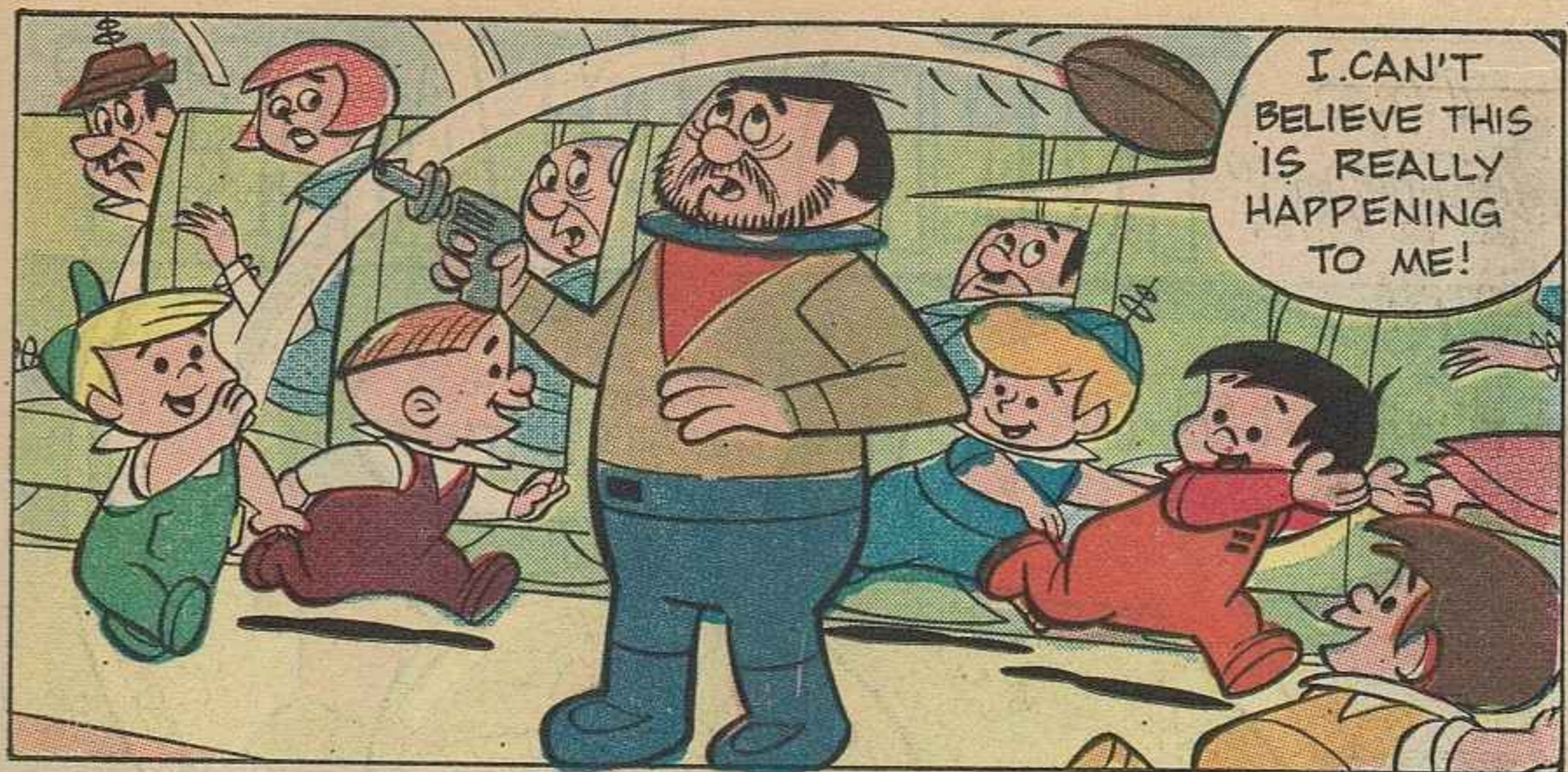


The Jetsons THE HIJACKER

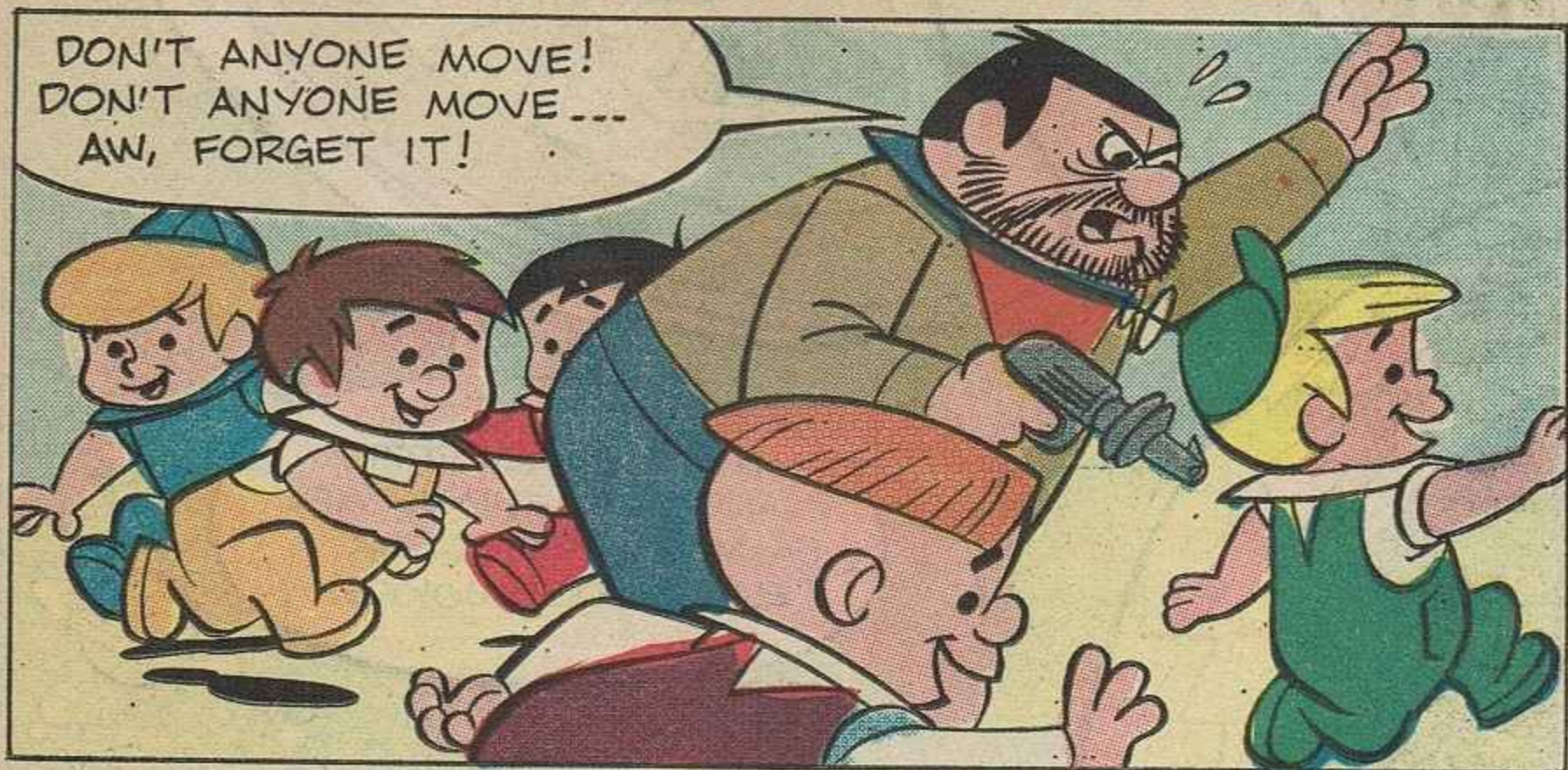




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I CAN'T
BELIEVE THIS
IS REALLY
HAPPENING
TO ME!



DON'T ANYONE MOVE!
DON'T ANYONE MOVE...
AW, FORGET IT!



I'M A
FAILURE!
I'M A TOTAL
FAILURE!



HE WAS TRYING TO HIJACK THIS
SPACE SHIP!

I KNOW. I'M GLAD
YOU DIDN'T TRY
TO BE A HERO AND
MESS UP OUR PLANS.

the
End 3

*The
JETSONS*

FUNNY PLANET

HA-HA-HA!
HO-HO-HO!

WHAT IN THE
WORLD IS THAT

IT'S A SMALL PRISON
PLANET. COMEDIANS ARE
BANISHED TO IT FOR
TELLING OLD JOKES.

CAN WE GET
ANY CLOSER,
GEORGE?

SURE,
JANE.

HAVE YOU HEARD
THE ONE ABOUT...?

OH, GET CLOSER,
GEORGE.

D-3019

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WHY DOES A FIREMAN WEAR
RED SUSPENDERS?

TO HOLP UP HIS PANTS!
HA HA HA... HO HO.



IF YOUR DOG'S MISSING, WHY
DON'T YOU ADVERTISE IN
THE NEWSPAPER?

SILLY! HE CAN'T
READ! HA HA HA...
HO HO HO...

LET'S GET OUT OF
HERE, GEORGE.
THEY'RE LAYING
EGGS!



YOU'RE VERY OBSERVANT, JANE.
THAT'S WHY THEY'RE HELD ON
THIS PLANET... IT'S EGG-SHAPED.

the
End

QUICK DRAW MCGRAW

THE COUNTDOWN

WHERE ARE
YOU GOING,
QUEEKSTRAW?

BABA LOOEY,
I FEEL ORNERY...
I'M GOING OUT
AND PAINT
THE TOWN.



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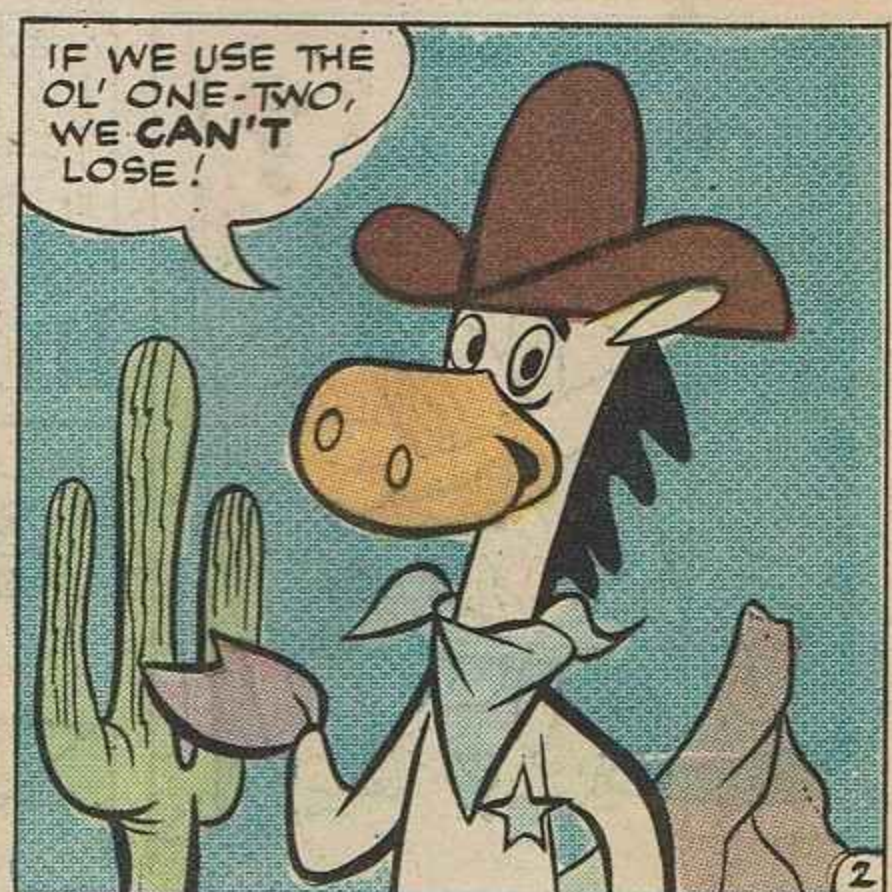
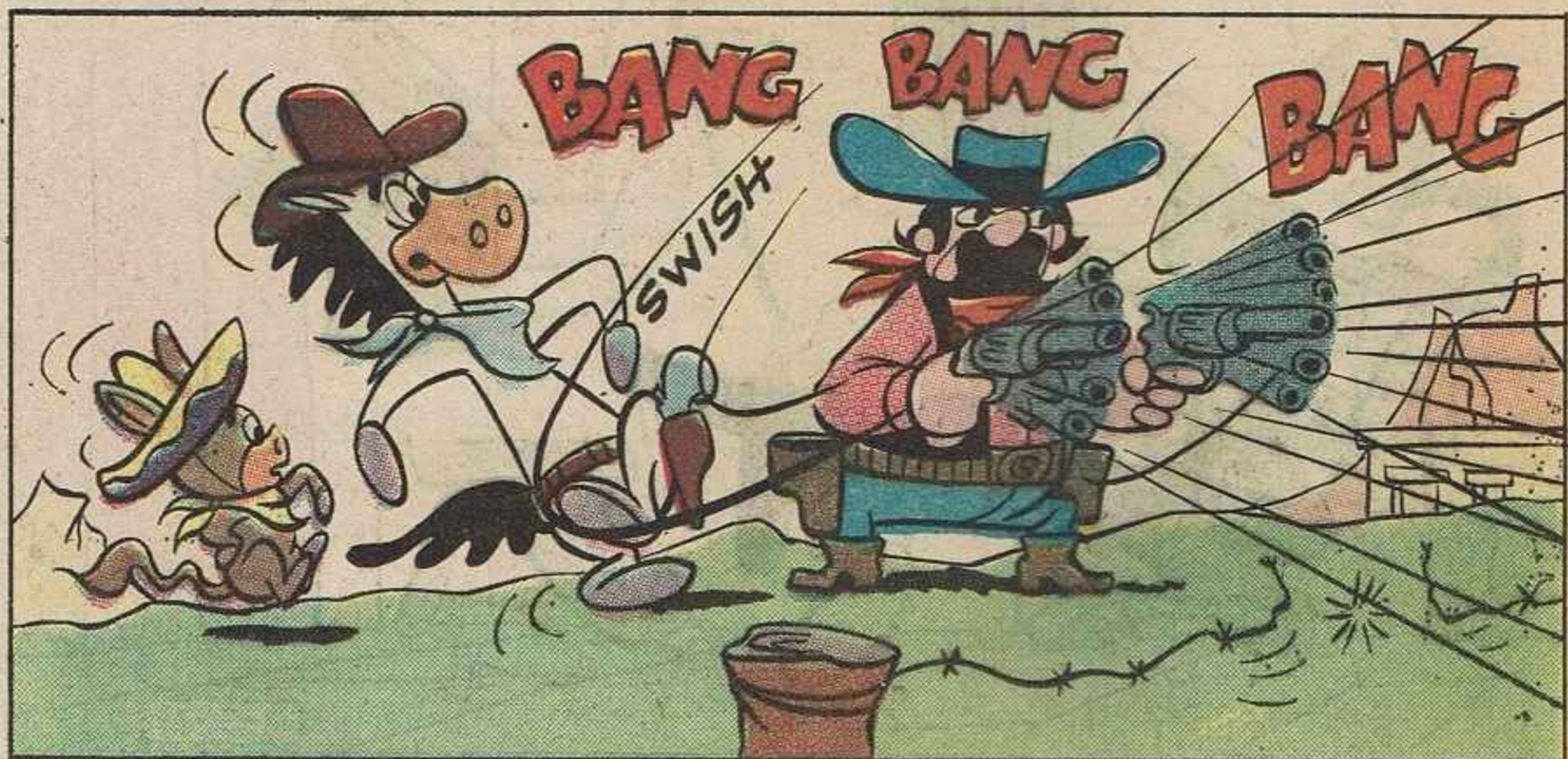
DON'T GO OUT THERE,
QUEEKSTRAW...
HAIR-TRIGGER
HARRY IS WAITING
TO CHALLENGE
YOU TO A
SHOOT-OUT.

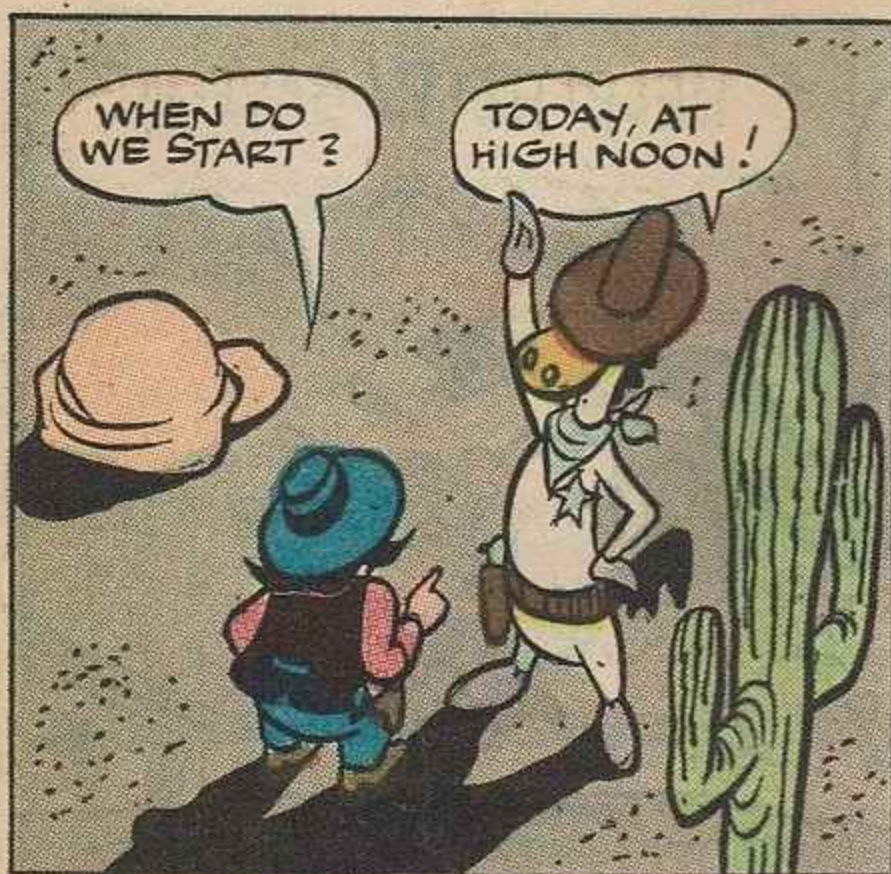
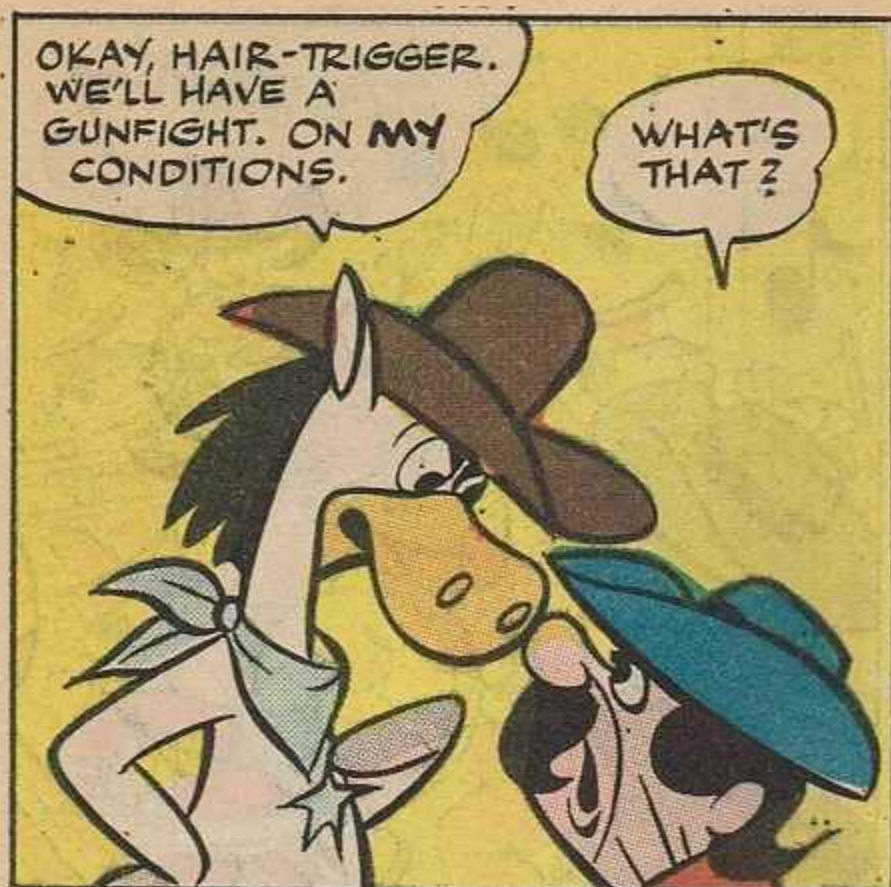


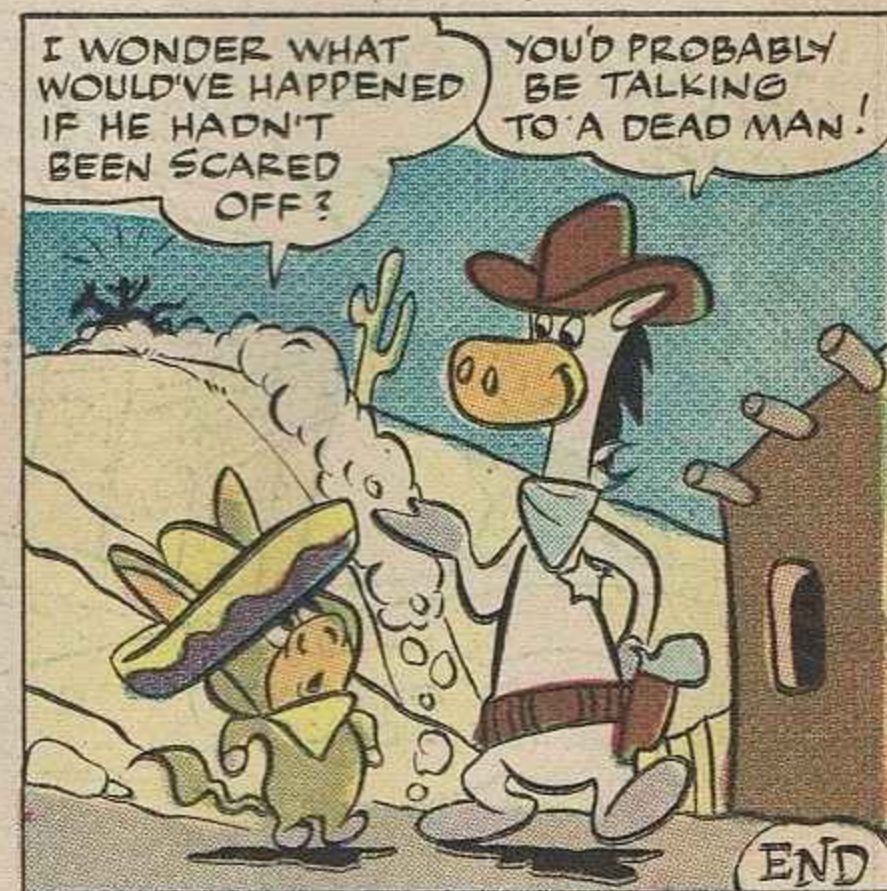
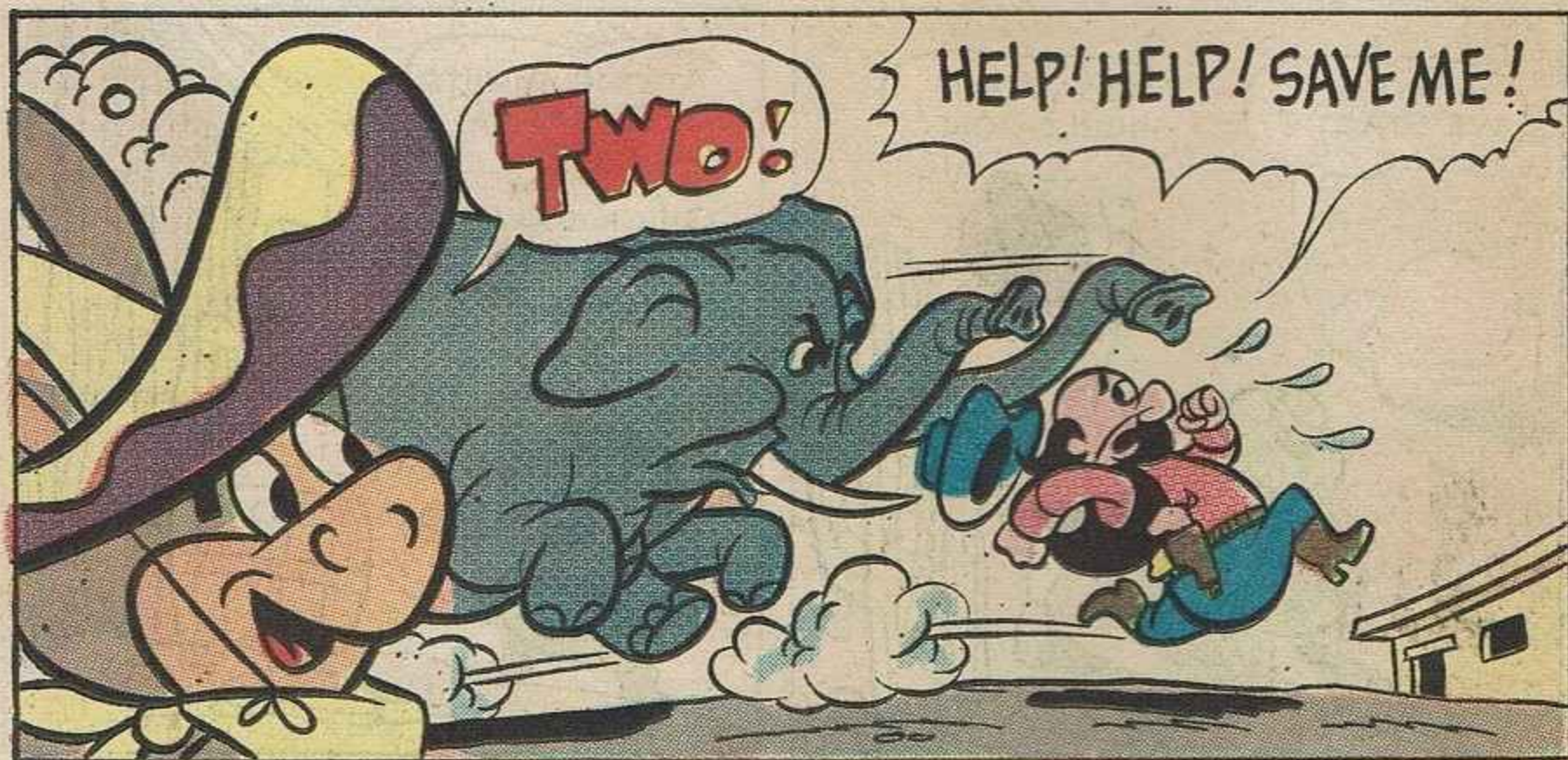
WELL, BABA, WE'LL JUST GIVE
HIM THE OL' TREATMENT.
OKAY?

SI, QUEEKSTRAW.
THE OL'
ONE-TWO.









BOMBERS, Mooners and GROANERS

For more than thirty years I have taught those darling little kids in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them tests on what they have studied. And they do come up with some strange answers at times. The kids always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or puzzle. Or find something that the teacher doesn't know. And how happy a boy or girl is when this has taken place.

It all started with the preparation for parent's night. That's the time the kids stay home. And the parents come to school to listen to what teacher has to say. Teacher may praise or give the parent a shock about his offspring. And on the other hand, the teacher may get a shocker listening to the parent sound off.

Each student in my class received the same form: Name of the parent; would parent attend or not attend parents' night; and the work done by the parent.

Believe me, when it came to stating the work done by the parents, those kids had a lot of imagination. They really had me guessing. First parent that I met was Mr. Herman Winslow. I praised the work of his son Jerry. But I was curious. The notation on the sheet for work done by parent read: "Mass Transportation Specialist." So I carefully mentioned that one of our big problems today was mass transportation. I knew the father was a specialist in this field. What did he do?

I showed him what his son had written on the sheet. The father laughed and then spoke to me.

"Wonder where Jerry got that one? I am just a bus driver. I drive a number 7 bus on Main Street. Hey, that's rather clever of my kid. When we go away this summer for my two weeks vacation, you know how people are. They ask you what you do. So I will tell them that I am a "Mass Transportation Specialist." Sure a lot of things happen when you drive a bus. Yesterday an old lady hands me a dollar bill to pay for her fare. I take a good look at it. It is an old Confederate dollar bill.

"This thing is useless, I tell her. Not worth a cent. So pay the thirty cents lady."

Know what happened? You wouldn't believe it. The man in back of her hands me a good dollar bill. Tells me he collects old coins and bills. So it ends o.k. for everyone."

Then I meet Marvin's father. Mr. Thomas Handley. His son was weak in spelling and in history. We talk about it. I noticed that the son had written: "Vision Control Specialist." This was one on me. I knew what an optometrist was. Also what an optician was. But what was this specialist? So I showed the sheet to the father. He looked a bit annoyed.

"If my kid is ashamed of what I do, then I'll belt him one. Where did he find that one. If the fellows in the union ever hear about it, they will kid the life out of me. I'm just a plain window washer. I make good money. Wait till I get home tonight."

"I have some good news to tell you about your son," I told the father. "He is being awarded the James Henry Madison prize for the best composition concerning wildlife in the United States."

"My kid winning a prize? Gee, that's wonderful news. Just for that I'll get him the pitcher's glove he wanted."

So that saved the day. And the father forgot about what he had threatened to do to his offspring. I waited until Mr. Walter Dorsey, father of Jane Dorsey, came into my room. Now there was a man I wanted to meet. For the notation on the sheet for work done by parent read: "F.B.I." A real "G" man in person! I will admit I was a bit thrilled.

"How are things in Washington?" I said to him. "I know that I am not supposed to ask questions about your confidential assignments. Working on any important case?"

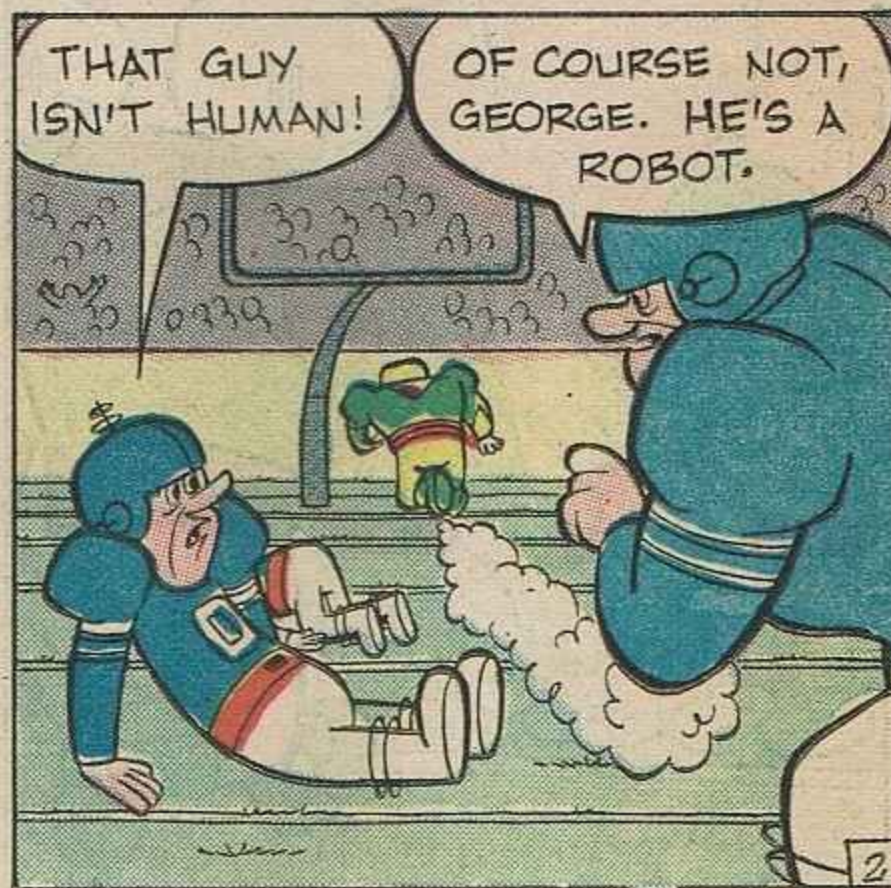
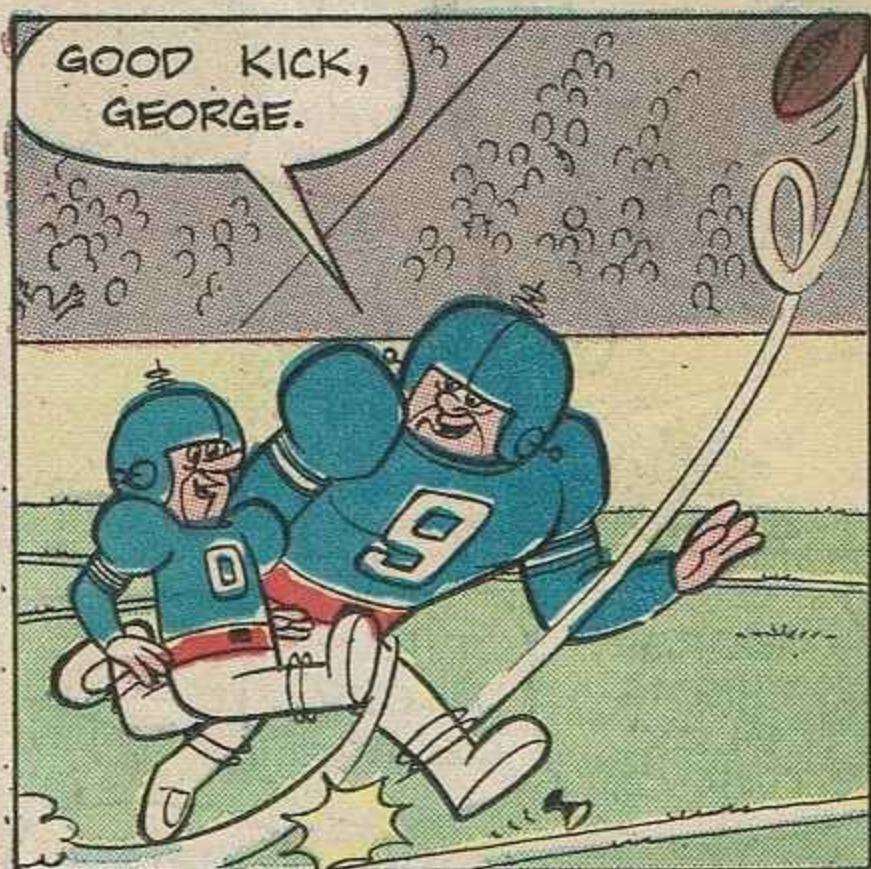
There was a look of bewilderment on his face. On my desk was his sheet. He took it, looked at it, and then laughed.

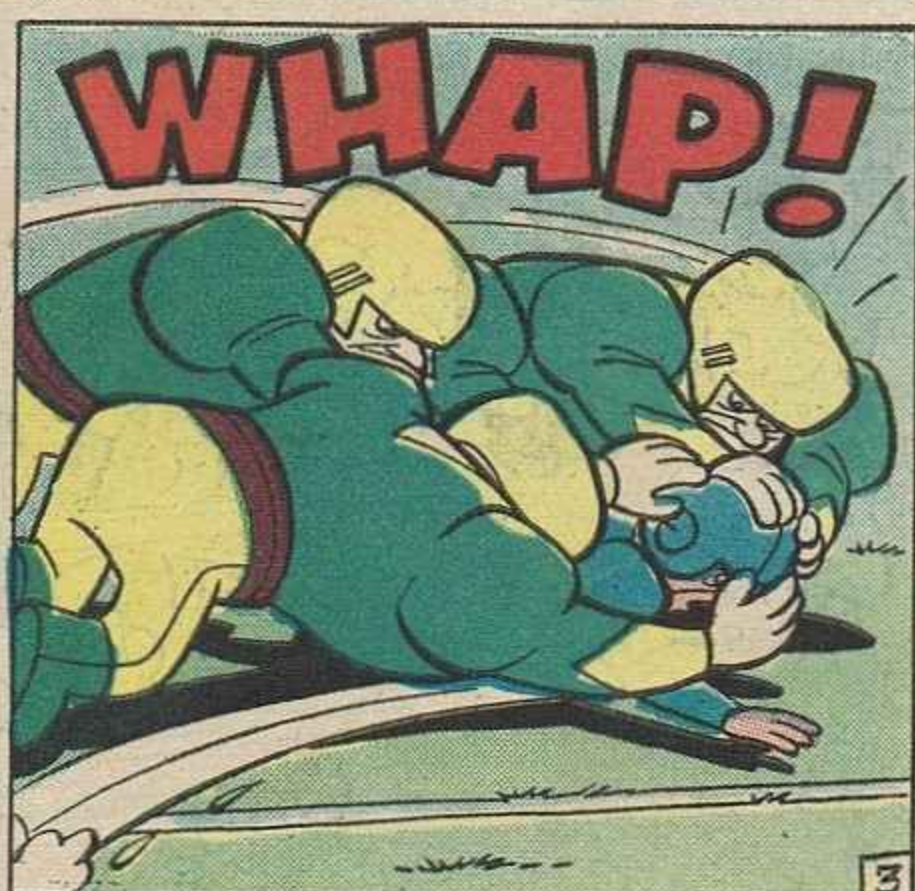
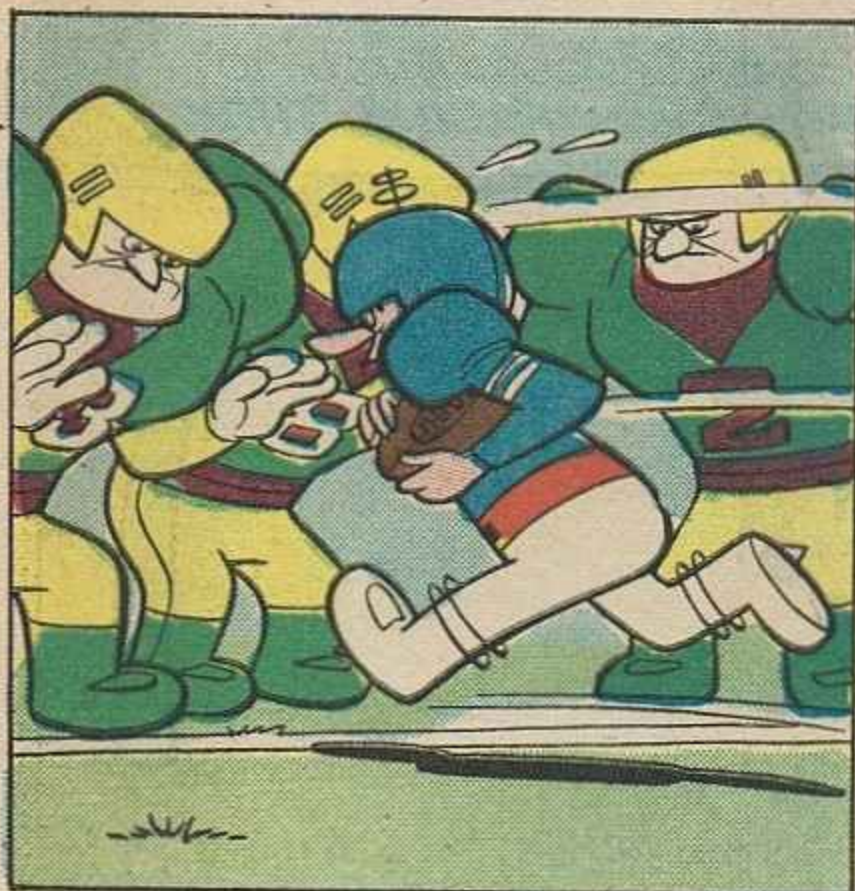
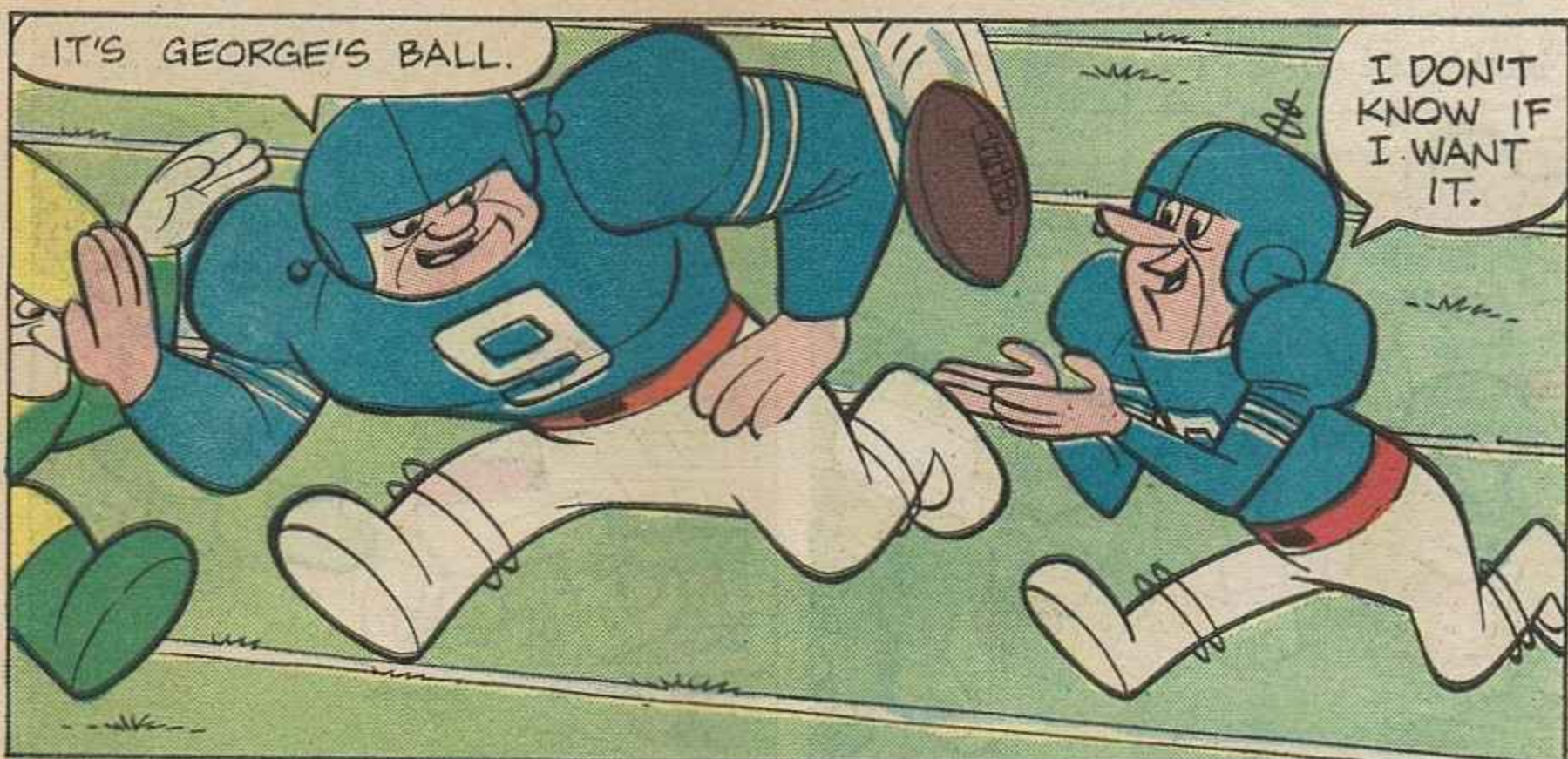
"Just like Jane. She knows how to make nothing very important. Maybe that's an art. The "F.B.I." does not stand for Federal Bureau of Investigation. I figure it means "Farrington Brush Institute." I sell brushes and mops. From door to door. For the Farrington Brush people. You know something? That's a good idea my daughter has. Wait till I tell my supervisor about it."

Four more parents to see and then it was all over. I was tired. But I figure the parents were happy. Until next time and then more about what has happened in our school and in my class.

The *JETSONS* "Martian Football"







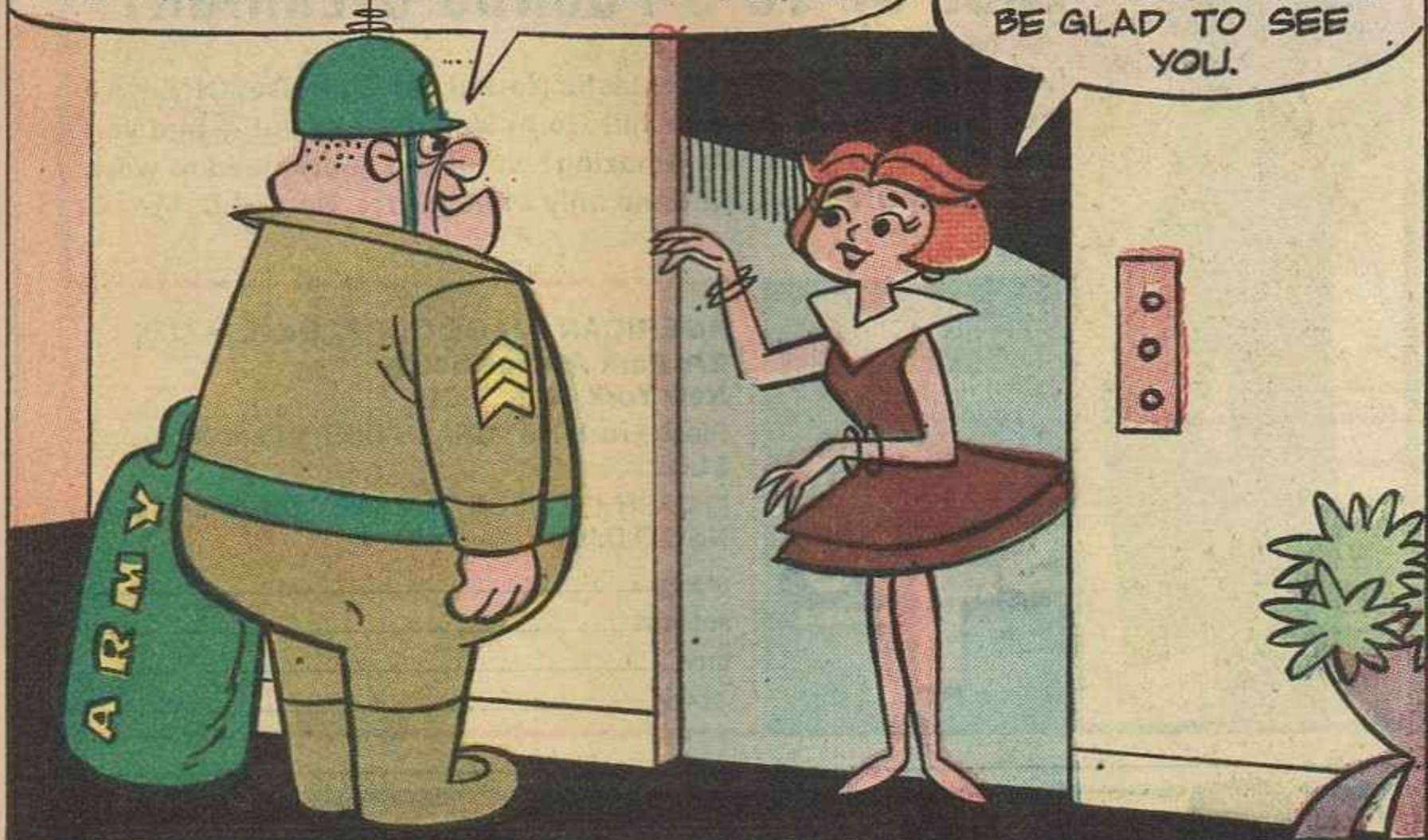


the End

The JETSONs "THE OLD ARMY GAME"

I'M GEORGE'S OLD ARMY SERGEANT. I DROPPED BY TO SEE HOW HE'S DOING.

OH, YOU MUST BE SGT. GROGAN. HE'LL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU.



GEORGE!
LOOK WHO'S
HERE!

(GULP) HI
THERE, SGT.
GROGAN.



D-2976

**SHOULDERS. BACK!
SUCK IN THAT STOMACH!
WIPE THAT STUPID GRIN
OFF YOUR FACE!**

YES,
SGT.

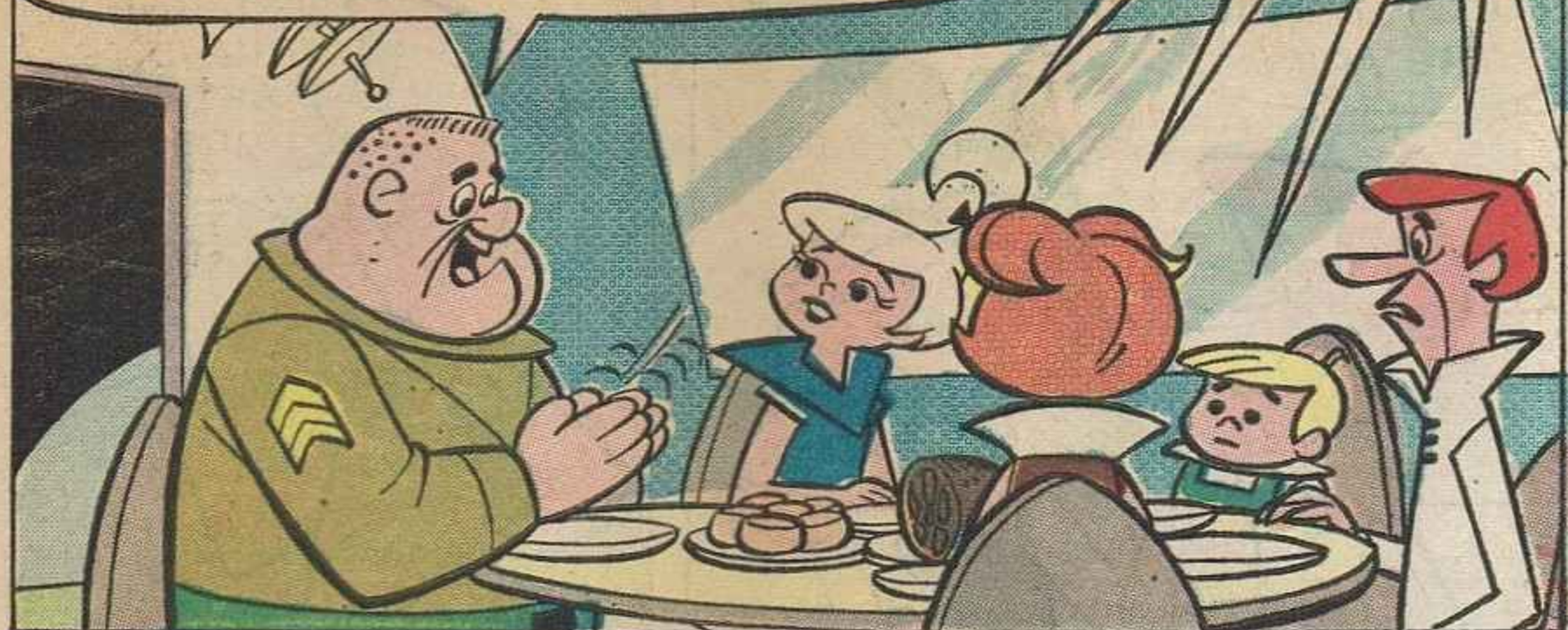


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PASS THE SPUDS! STEW! BEANS!
BISCUITS! AND JAM, PLEASE!

YES, SERGEANT.



GREAT MEAL, MRS. JETSON.
GEORGE AND I WILL DO THE
K.P. BIT.



SERGEANTS DON'T
DO K.P.! PRIVATE
JETSON, YOU FINISH
IT.

NO!!

MAY I
USE THE
ELECTRONIC
DISH-
WASHER?



WELL, THE
DISHES ARE
DONE.

JETSON! GUARD
DUTY TONIGHT!

